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vulgarity, deformity and degeneracy. If an artist wishes privately to make his studio a lupanar, that is his affair. But let him not publicly defile the Temple in the World of Art!

What is the lesson of the Rodin romance for us in America? this: that Rodin is the last man on earth

Americans should imitate, above all in any public monument. For as sure as they do, they will engender civic strife and hate. If any sculptor wishes to imitate him in his private work, that is his affair. He will learn, let us hope before it is too late, the truth of Emerson's remark: "Imitation is suicide."

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

See page 354

ATTENTION is called to the article on the Library of Congress in this issue, written by a man who is an authority on the subject.

In publishing this article we wish to emphasize two points. First: that General Casey proved to the country that it is possible in America to build

even the greatest public library in the world without graft and within the appropriation; second: that when the American public obtains a building that is truly beautiful and worthy of the nation, it not only will not protest, but will pay the bill with joy.

SAINT-GAUDENS AND HIS WORK

See frontispiece and page 303

IN its endeavor to recall and place in proper consideration the artists of America who are no more, THE ART WORLD this month turns to a sculptor whose loss—and a great loss it was!—is recent, one moreover whose works are familiar from existing monuments, and the influence of whose genius may be traced in the productions of other artists—the sculptor Augustus Saint-Gaudens. For the frontispiece this month Mr. Timothy Cole has engraved on wood the lovely alto-relievo of an angel bearing on uplifted hands a tablet inscribed Love-Charity; while as another example of his work there is given in photogravure the sturdy figure of Deacon Chapin called "The Pilgrim." These two figures represent the two poles of the sculptor's work, loveliness in treating supernatural themes and realism in his handling of portraiture.

The Amor-Charitas is for the embellishment of a tomb, but Saint-Gaudens was too similar to the Greeks in temperament to allow that note of sadness to gain the upper hand which is commonly found among the English-speaking communities. Perhaps his French father and Irish mother made it easy for him to avoid that obtrusion of grief, which is the foible of British art. A sweet seriousness is the expression on the face of this angelic caryatid. The monumental style is carried out by the symmetric sweep of the wings that soften the angles of elbows and panel and finish by sending their curling feathers over the straight line of the inscribed tablet. Grace is added by the gentle inclination of the head which takes off the feeling of possible weight in the tablet, while the descending folds of the garment, the hidden cincture that defines the breasts and the loose garland of flowers about the hips form a charming contrast to the rigidity of the upright and horizontal lines of the niche in which the figure stands. By the long descending lines he avoids the necessity of diminishing unduly the size of the head, a method often employed by sculptors and painters to give distinction to figures. The attention is directed at once to the part that

rules, namely the face, and only after that do we follow the curves of the wings and the easy flow of the descending folds. Here we have a noble example of this artist's mastery in high and low relief which appears in many of his portrait panels; but in the present case there is superadded the suggestion of the monumental.

The Pilgrim is a figure larger than life designed to stand before a niche or wall and to be seen from the front. It is at Springfield, Massachusetts, and embodies the "dour" character of that sect among Protestants whose imagination was stirred more profoundly by the Old than the New Testament—among whom Amor and Caritas had some difficulty in holding their own. The very grasp that Deacon Chapin [if indeed the sculptor meant to immortalize that worthy in his work] lays upon his knotted stick seems to justify the fulminations against sinners and threats of hell-fire and chains from the pulpits of Jonathan Edwards and other thoroughgoing and remorseless ministers of old New England—theocrats as well as pastors, tyrants through their love of God. To his side he presses the oak-bound, metal-studded Bible, his constitution and source of wisdom human and divine. The very pose of his feet expresses the rigidity of his views concerning other forms of Protestantism, of the Scarlet Woman, of backsliders and those wallowers in uncleanness and ignorance the Indians. Near these feet lies a branch from the pine tree, representing in its sharp, determined foliage and fruit, in its unchangeableness under summer's heat and winter's cold, the unbending character of his belief.

But it is the face that tells the story first and foremost, with its massive features, stern eyes and closely pressed lips, its dogged thrust of chin and the shadow thrown by the broadbrim over the brow and eyes. "Here I stand; move me if you can!" Nothing kindly or mellow, genial or humane about this face! Perhaps the Frenchman and Irishman in Saint-Gaudens caused him to accentuate in this work the qualities that are most abhorred by them.